

PARTHENOPHE.
SONNETS. 395

SONNET XC VII.

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WHY should Envy, with sweet Love
consort ? But that, with Love's
excess, Seven Sins unite ' Pride,
that, in high respect of my delight, I
scorn all others ! Lust, that with disport In
thought of her, I sometimes take comfort!
Wrath, that, with those, in secret heart I
fight, Which smile on her ! and Envy, that,
I spite Such meats and wines, as to her lips
resort And touch that tongue, which I can
never kiss! Sloth, that, secure In too much
love, I sleep; And nuzzled so, am to be freed
remiss ! And Covetous, I never mean can
keep In craving, wishing, and in working
this ; Though still I kiss and touch, still
touch and kiss !

SONNET XC VI I I.



THE Sun, my Lady's Beauty
represents! Whose fiery-pointed
beams each creature heats : Such
force her grace, on whom it counterbeats,
Doth practice; which the patient still
torments. And to her virtues, the bright
Moon assents ; With whose pure Chastity,
my love she threatens ! • Whose thought itself
In her cool circle seats. And as the Moon,
her bright habiliments, Of her bright
brother PHCEBUS, borroweth ; So from her
beauty, doth her chaste desire, Her
brightness draw. For which, none dare
aspire To tempt so rare a beauty. Yet
forgive! He that, for thy sake! so long
sorroweth, Cannot but longer love, if longer
live !